

VOTED THE GALAXY'S TOP COMIC!

PROG 481
2 AUG 86

\$1.90	Meteoroids
70c	Asteroids
70c	New Zealand
58c	Germany
210g	Venus
95g	Mars
10g	Asteroid Belt
110g	Saturn
1g	Pluto
623g	Neptune

26p
EARTH MONEY

**WORTH
EVERY
MONDAY**

THE CELEBRATION'S OVER! BACK TO WORK!

EAGLE AWARDS

•WINNER•

NERVE CENTRE

BORAG THUNGG, EARTHLETS.

The cosmos has spoken: 2000 AD is the tops, and that's official. As you can see from this prog's front cover, the prestigious Eagle Awards – the Oscars of comic fandom – have declared 2000 AD to be The Favourite Comic Of 1985. This will come as no surprise to the Squaxx dek Thargo, but it might help to bring my zarjaz publication to the attention of the thrill-sucked few. Full details of this prize, plus news of the 6 other awards scooped by the galaxy's greatest, appear later in this prog. So much for last year's honours...for this year's, take a scan at this issue's extra-length Judge Dredd tale, paying special attention to the trailers advertising my forthcoming epics – *Metalzoic* & *Nemesis the Warlock*: guaranteed to get the gold!

SPLUNDIG VUR THRIGG!

THARG

Drawn by Earthlet Mark Scott,
Bristol. £10 Winner.



ST. ELSWHERE

Drawn by Earthlet
Gareth Williams,
Swansea. £10 Winner.

STAR'S NEW STAR

Borag Thungg, Tharg.

I must congratulate droids John Wagner and Ron Smith on their full-length *Judge Dredd* stories for the Daily Star. Both "Alien Tongues" and "Pyro" were well written and the artwork was zarjaz. Is there any chance of them being reprinted, along with any future ones, in book form? Readers who miss the stories would then be able to read up.

From Earthlet Lee Palmer, Wythenshawe. £5 Winner.

There are no plans at the moment to reprint the strips, so I advise you not to miss any episodes. Latecomers can still get hooked up in the current story – "Weirdies" – drawn by Art Robot Ian Gibson. However, The Judge Dredd Collection 2, featuring a selection of the Saturday Judge Dredd strips, is now on sale priced £1.25.

BETELGEUSIAN FOR BEGINNERS

Dear Tharg,

I've just started reading 2000 AD, and I think it's a great mag – but every time I read your Nerve Centre, someone uses the words "scrotnig" or "zarjaz". What do they mean? And what does "Borag Thungg, Earthlets" mean? Please put me out of my misery and tell me, as I feel there must be other people in the same situation as me. I have enough trouble coping with languages at school, let alone Betelgeusian!

From Earthlet Mark Gillings, Beckenham. £5 Winner.

"Scrotnig" means 'thrill-powered'; "zarjaz" means 'fantastic'; and "Borag Thungg, Earthlets" translates roughly as 'Galactic Greetings, People of Earth'. I hope I've set your mind at ease, and I also hope that you don't feel too embarrassed about being an utter grexnix.

NO DERBY DEALERS?

Dear Tharg,

Could you please tell me where my nearest back prog dealer is?

From Earthlet Anthony Greenwood, Ripley. £5 Winner.

Yes. I don't know of a thrill-merchant in Derby itself, but I suggest you try to contact COMIX & BOOKS, 205, MANSFIELD ROAD, NOTTINGHAM (0602 410481).

A BRUSH WITH DEATH

Dear Person-in-a-Green-Mask,

Do you realise just how effective your cosmic comic is against thrill-suckers? To prove it, try this method: you will need the following... 1 copy of 2000 AD, some sticky tape, a rounders bat, and some thrill-suckers. Attach the comic to the bat with the sticky tape, then make a frenzied attack upon the thrill-suckers. Soon they will all be dead – obviously from a massive thrill-attack from your magnificent mag...2000 AD!!

From unusual Earthlet Anthony Brush, Newcastle upon Tyne. £5 Winner.

I am awarding you £5 in Galactic Groats in recognition of your painstaking research. However, always remember that your health is more important than your wealth. To prove this, attach your prize postal order to a rounders bat and beat yourself several times over the head.

VOTE HERE!

Each week Tharg displays your drawings and letters on his Nerve Centre. There are big cash prizes for every entry published, so write to him now! The address is: THARG'S NERVE CENTRE, COMMAND MODULE 2018, KING'S REACH TOWER, STAMFORD STREET, LONDON SE1 9LS.

List your three favourite stories
IN THIS PROG on the coupon and
enclose it with your entry.

1.....

2.....

3.....

I Dislike:.....

My Age Is..... 481

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DRAGON'S WORLD — WHERE JOHNNY ALPHA HAS AT LAST FOUND A LEAD IN THE HUNT FOR HIS PARTNER'S KILLERS. NOW, HE HAS USED A TIME DROGUE TO BRING AN INFORMANT BACK FROM THE DEAD.

TALK!
WHERE'D
YOU GET THE
TATTOO?

REDPORT — LITTLE
TOWN ON THE SOUTH
COAST — WHERE
THEY FISH THE
SQUIDDLYDIDS!

Strontium DOG RAGE

2000AD
Credit Card:
SCOTT'S ROBOT
ALAN GRANT
AND ROBOT
C. EZQUERRA
LETTERING ROBOT
KID ROBSON
COMPU-73r

MUTIE GUY,
HE WAS —
CHAIRBOUND.

CHAIRBOUND?

YEAH —
HE'S IN A
WHEEL-
CHAIR.

DAMN! THE REST FITS — EXCEPT
BUBBA'S MAN WASN'T DISABLED.

STILL — WORTH CHECKIN'.

HEY! I NEVER THANKED
YOU FOR SAVIN' MY LIFE!

DON'T
BOTTER.



IT IS TWO DAYS RIDE TO REDPORT —



WHERE, DURING THE SOLSTICE MONTHS, THE INHABITANTS REAP THE HARVEST OF THE GIANT SQUIDOLYDIDS WHICH ABOUND IN THE COASTAL WATERS.



THEIR RANCID RUBBERY FLESH IS MUCH PRIZED BY GOURMETS THE GALAXY OVER...

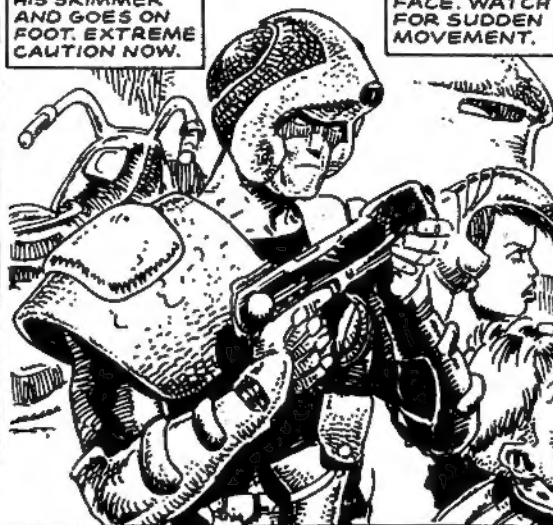


AND THEIR PUNGENT OIL IS A BASIC INGREDIENT IN THE MORE EXPENSIVE BRANDS OF PERFUME.





JOHNNY PARKS
HIS SKIMMER
AND GOES ON
FOOT. EXTREME
CAUTION NOW.



CHECK EVERY
FACE. WATCH
FOR SUDDEN
MOVEMENT.

IF THE TATTOOIST IS
BUBBA'S MAN, COULD
BE THERE'S MORE OF
'EM ABOUT.

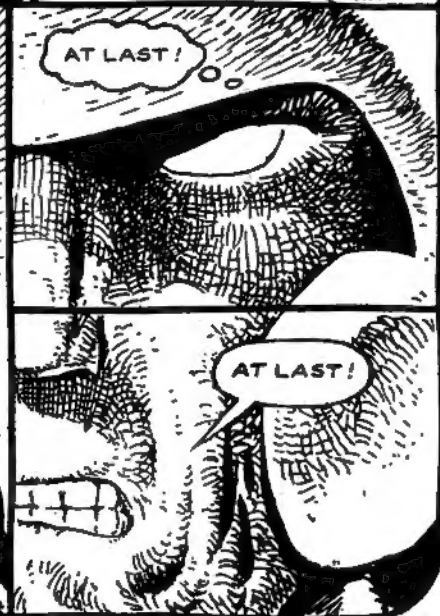


ALPHA RAYS STREAM FROM HIS
MUTANT EYES, PENETRATING —

HE'S THERE!
GOT A
CUSTOMER...



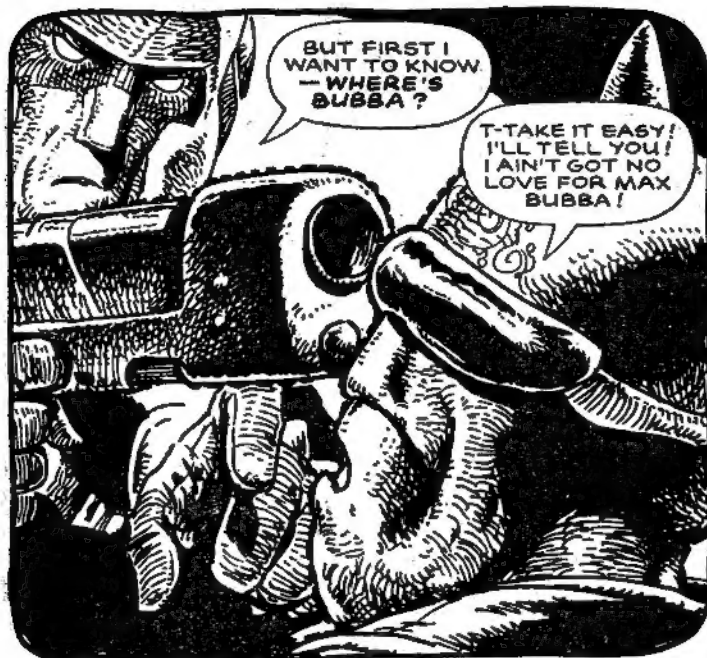
IT'S HIM —
BUBBA'S
MAN!



AT LAST!

AT LAST!





BUT FIRST I
WANT TO KNOW
— WHERE'S
BUBBA?

T-TAKE IT EASY!
I'LL TELL YOU!
I AIN'T GOT NO
LOVE FOR MAX
BUBBA!



WHO D'YA
THINK DID
THIS TO
ME?

BUBBA?

I WAS TATTOOIN'
HIM—
NEEDLE
SLIPPED.
HE PAID ME
BACK BY
CRIPPLING
ME!



I'LL TELL YOU WHERE
HE IS, ALL RIGHT—
COUPLE OF HUNDRED
MILES AWAY, OUT ON
THE CAPE...AT THE
MONASTERY!



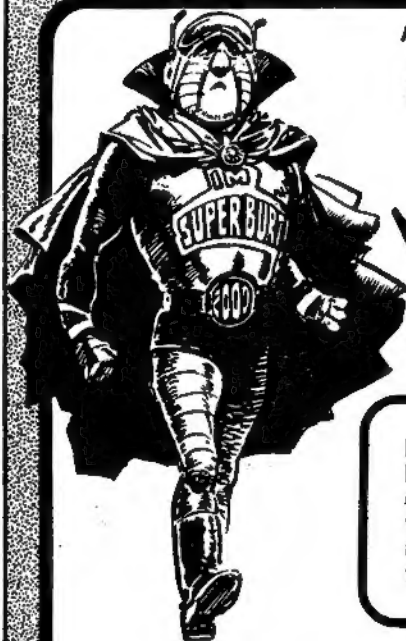
JUST WISH I COULD
COME WITH YA—SEE
THE RAT GET WHAT'S
COMIN' TO HIM! DON'T
S'POSE YOU'D CONSIDER
LETTIN' ME OFF,
EH, ALPHA?

NO
CHANCE.



THEN
DIE!

NEXT
PROG: **TATA, TATTOO!**



THE AWARD-WINNING



A special BURT
report on
The Eagle Awards

Er...um...hi, fans. Super Burt here! With...er...the latest crop of...er...Eagle Awards won by...er...2000 AD, the Mighty...er...One has...um...asked me to bring you this...er...special report on exactly what...er...The Eagle Awards are and who...um...votes for them. If you'll...er...pardon me while I...um..."snik"...switch into investigative reporter mode, we'll take a closer look at The Eagle Awards: who they are, what they are and why they weren't named The Mighty Tharg Awards.

Each year the comics fans of Great Britain get together to vote for their favourite comics, characters, stories, artists and writers. Well, they don't actually get together in one place – you'd need a fair-sized football stadium to hold them all – but they do fill in special voting forms and send them in to the organisers of The Eagle Awards.

The Eagle Awards are, if you like, the 'Oscars' of the comics world. They are recognised, respected and fought for not only in Britain, but around the world. Strange, you may think, that the tastes of one country are accepted by so many others but this has become a mark of respect for an awards poll that has fairly represented the choices of its voters for nearly ten years now.

How It Began...

It was in 1977, not long after The Mighty Tharg had set up shop on this planet, that two far-sighted comics fans decided that their fellow fans in Great Britain needed a way of expressing their appreciation to the creators of all the comics they read and enjoyed each year. The Eagle Awards were born – named, not after the Eagle comic of today (that wasn't even around in 1977), but the Eagle that appeared way back in the 1950's and 60's, providing your parents' generation with the nearest they ever got to true thrill-power!

How Is It Run?

At the start of each year the organisers of The Eagle Awards print thousands of voting forms and distribute them to specialist comics shops (you've probably got one near you), mail order suppliers, comic fan magazines and a lot of other outlets where they can be picked up or sent to any comics fan who wishes to participate (The Eagle Awards are open to anyone – human, humanoid, droid, small green bits of fluff, Zragian dictators...). The forms are then filled in and returned to the organisers who recruit a small army of counters – well, one or two – to count up all the votes and work out the winners in each category. The results are announced, usually in the Spring, at a major comics convention somewhere in Great Britain, where many of the winners are presented with their certificates of merit. The Mighty One has sent many of his droids to such events.

The 2000 AD Winning Streak

2000 AD's thrill-power has, in fact, brought His Noble Greenness over 40 Eagle Awards, directly and indirectly, so far. An amazing achievement for one comic – but not, as Tharg points out, The Galaxy's Greatest Comic. He wants to know why he hasn't won them all!

The full line-up of the awards showered on 2000 AD this year is as follows: **Favourite Comic Character:** Halo Jones; **Character Most Worthy Of Own Title/Series:** Halo Jones; **Favourite Story:** Halo Jones Book II; **Favourite Villain:** Torquemada; **Favourite Comic Album:** Nemesis Book III; **Favourite Writer:** Alan Moore.

Who'll Be Next?

Even as you read these words preparations for the 1987 Eagle Awards are well underway. If you want to take part, keep an eye on your local comics shop or fan magazine. If that fails then send a stamped, addressed envelope to The Eagle Awards c/o The Command Module and you'll receive a voting form sometime in the New Year.

This is ace newsman Burt handing you back to your regularly scheduled, award-winning prog..."snik"...er...um...bye for now...er...fans.





THARG'S FUTURE-SHOCKS

WHEELS OF FURY!

YOU KNOW, I CAN
STILL SMELL
GASOLINE, EVEN
THIS FAR AWAY.

I GUESS LAVERNE MUST BE
DEAD. NOTHING COULD HAVE
SURVIVED THAT CRASH.

WHICH LEAVES SHIRLEY AND ME
FREE TO ENJOY OURSELVES!

STILL, IT WASN'T ALL BAD:

POOR LAVERNE... I
REMEMBER THE TIME I
FIRST LAID EYES ON HER...

IT WAS LOVE AT
FIRST SIGHT.

HOW ABOUT
THIS ONE,
MR RIBBLE?

THE FORD ALBATROSS -
BEST CYBERNETIC CAR
IN THE WORLD!

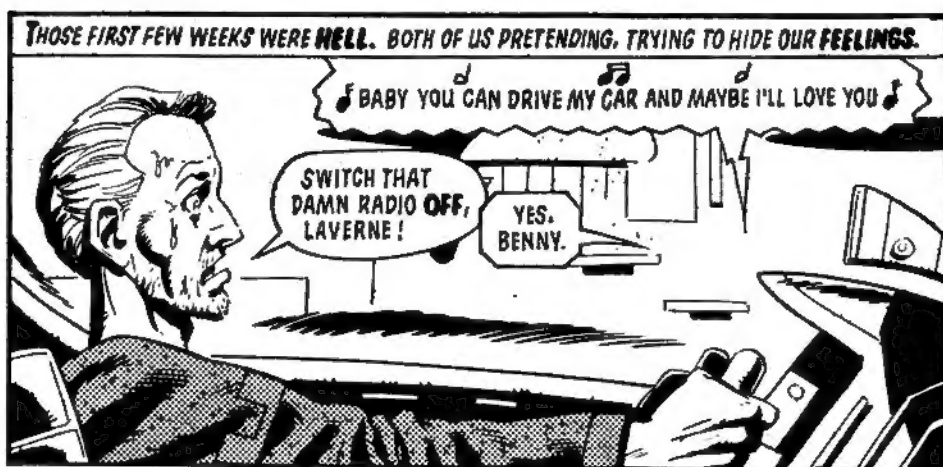
...SHE'S
BEAUTIFUL...

SAY HELLO
TO MR RIBBLE,
LAVERNE.

HELLO, MR RIBBLE.
HAPPY TO GREET YOU.

HELLO...
LAVERNE...

2000AD
Credit Card:
SCRIPT: ROBERT
GRANT MORRISON
ART: ROBERT
GEOFF SENIOR
LETTERING: ROBERT
TOM FRAME
COMPU-73e





NOT LONG AFTER THAT WE DECIDED TO MAKE IT OFFICIAL.

OH BENNY, AN ENGAGEMENT WHEEL!

YOU WON'T HAVE TO LIVE IN THE GARAGE MUCH LONGER, DARLING.

AND THEN IT HAPPENED...

THAT CAR - IT WINKED ITS HEADLAMP AT ME!

YEAH, SURE, BENNY! DO YOU WANT THE NAME OF A GOOD PSYCHIATRIST? ANYWAY, THAT'S DAVE BARROW'S CAR. HE CALLS IT SHIRLEY...

SHIRLEY! I COULDN'T GET HER GLEAMING CHASSIS OUT OF MY MIND! I MEAN, IS IT MY FAULT I'M NOT CUT OUT TO BE A ONE-CAR GUY?

EVENTUALLY WE BEGAN TO MEET IN SECRET...

YOU WOULDN'T LIE TO ME, BENNY? THERE ISN'T ANOTHER CAR IN YOUR LIFE, IS THERE?

AW, COME ON, SHIRLEY! WHAT DO YOU WANT? MY DRIVER'S LICENCE?



I'M USING A NEW ANTI-FREEZE, BENNY. HAD YOU NOTICED?

DON'T BOTHER ME NOW, LAVERNE.

I GUESS WHAT HAPPENED NEXT WAS INEVITABLE.

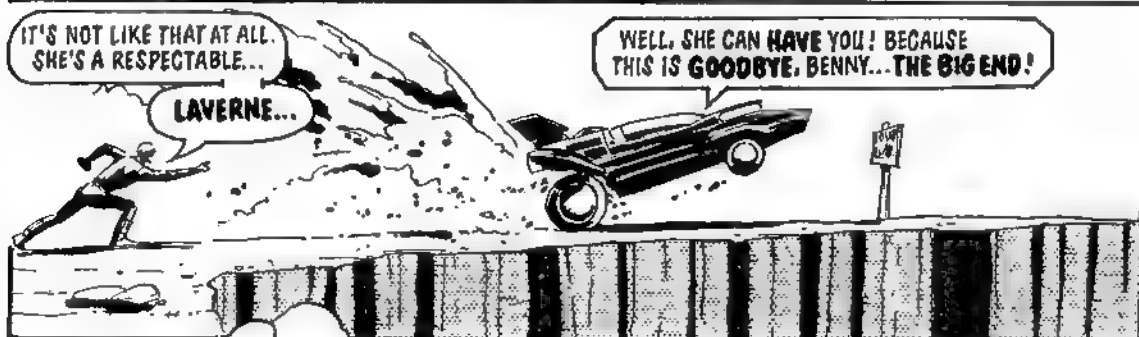
LAVERNE! HEY, GIVE ME BACK THE STEERING! I'VE GOT TO GET TO WORK!

WE'RE NOT GOING TO WORK TODAY, BENNY. YOU AND I HAVE TO TALK.

THERE WAS NOTHING I COULD DO...

WHERE ARE WE GOING? WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?

YOU KNOW AS WELL AS I DO! YOU THINK I DON'T HEAR THE OTHER CARS GOSSIPING ON THE PARKING LOT?



YOU SEE, I FIGURED SOMETHING
LIKE THIS MIGHT HAPPEN --

-- SO I ARRANGED FOR SHIRLEY TO
TRACK ME AND PICK ME UP.

MAYBE IT'S TIME I STOPPED FOOLING AROUND
WITH CARS. THEY'RE SO EMOTIONAL.

BOY! AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU. LISTEN,
THERE'S SOMETHING I GOTTA TELL YOU...

BESIDES, I CAN'T STOP THINKING ABOUT THAT
CUTE LITTLE **MOPED** I SAW THE OTHER DAY...

NO NEED TO SAY ANYTHING, BENNY.
I'VE BEEN WATCHING YOU...

THOUGH TO TELL YOU
THE TRUTH, I WASN'T
SURE SHE'D COME.
SHE WAS ACTING A
BIT **FUNNY** THE
LAST TIME WE MET.

HEY,
SHIRLEY!
SLOW
DOWN!

WHAT ARE YOU --
URGGHHH!

HAVE YOU MET MR BARROW?
I BROUGHT HIM ALONG TO SHOW
YOU WHAT HAPPENS TO **TWO-TIMERS!**

DON'T FORGET YOUR
SEAT-BELT, BENNY!

NO
IM BARRY



2000 AD
FEATURING JUDGE DREDD

**PROG
483**

**HE OP-
ERATED
ON HIS
BRAIN TO
BECOME
THE MOST
SAVAGE
ROBOT THE
WORLD HAD
EVER SEEN!**

**Meet
ARMAGEDDON,
Chief Of The Mekaka, In...**

METAL HUNTER

IT ALWAYS STARTS
THE SAME WAY...

I'M IN A HALL OF MIRRORS...
RUNNING... TRYING TO GET
AWAY -

-FROM SOMETHING.
I DON'T KNOW WHAT.

THE PASSAGES
SEEM ENDLESS...

I CAN TASTE THE TERROR
IN MY MOUTH I CAN
SMELL MY OWN FEAR...

DEATH IS BEHIND ME -
I HEAR HIS HEAVY TREAD

CLOSER

CLOSER!

GO
BACK!



CRASHHHH!

JUDGE

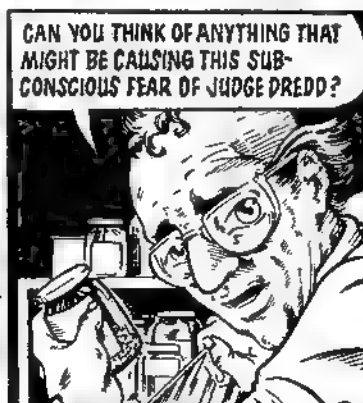
I TURN, BUT
HE'S ALL
AROUND ME
THERE IS NO
ESCAPE!

RED

BDAM!
BDAM!
BDAM!

AAA
AAA
AAA
AGH!











A PAK OF STROBERRY JAM THAT
YOU LEFT LYING ON THE MEZZANINE
FLOOR! JAM THAT YOU COULD HAVE
CLEANED UP - BUT NO! YOU TOOK
THE EASY WAY - YOU CHOSE
TO BREAK THE LAW!

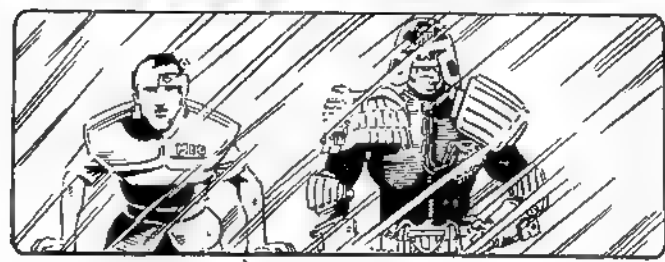
CONTAINS NO
NON-ARTIFICIAL
STRAWBERRIES

AA

A

AAAAAA

HH
H
H
H
H



PATIENT ROZ HOLDING...
SCREAMS A LOT... WHIMPERS...
OTHERWISE TOTAL WITHDRAWAL.
SHE SEEMS TO BE TRAPPED
IN SOME SORT OF
NIGHTMARE LOOP.

PSYCHO-SCANS HAVE NARROWED THE PROBLEM DOWN TO A DEEP-ROOTED GUILT COMPLEX INVOLVING - AS FAR AS WE CAN TELL - YOU AND A PAK OF **STROBERRY JAM**.

SHE'S JUST A TYPICAL CASE. WE HAVE SEVERAL HUNDRED OF THEM HERE.

SOME MINOR MISDEMEANOR - IT CAN BE AS TRIVIAL AS A SIMPLE LITTERING OFFENCE - BECOMES MAGNIFIED OUT OF ALL PROPORTIONS.

AFRAID TO CONFESS TO THE LAW. AFRAID NOT TO. ALWAYS THE SPECTRE OF **RETRIBUTION** LOOMING OVER THEM. EVENTUALLY THE GUILT AND FEAR OVERWHELMS THEM - THEY LAPSE INTO A FULL-BLOWN **PSYCHOSIS**.

WE CALL IT **THE DREDD SYNDROME**.

YOU'RE SAYING I'M THE CAUSE OF THIS?

NOT YOU SPECIFICALLY. BUT WITH YOUR REPUTATION AS THE CITY'S MOST FEARED LAWMAN, IT'S NATURAL THAT YOU SHOULD BECOME THE **SYMBOL** OF THE LAW IN ALL ITS HARSHNESS.

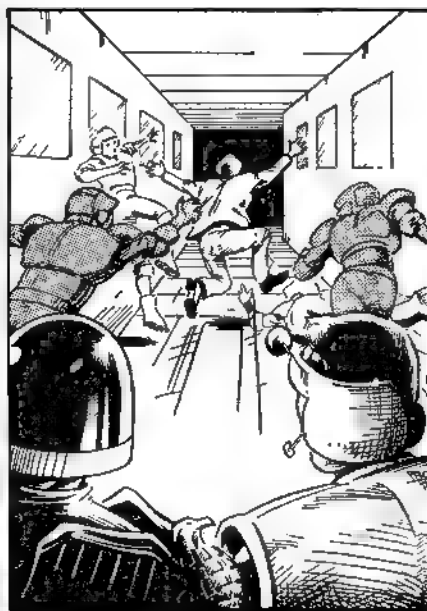
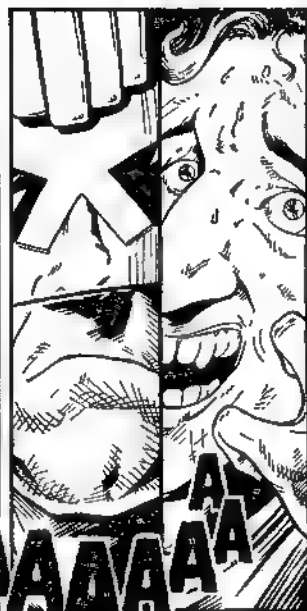
TO THESE POOR TWISTED MINDS, YOU ARE THE **FACE OF TERROR**.

WE CAN DO LITTLE FOR THEM. I'M AFRAID. THE ONLY REAL CURE LIES IN **PREVENTION** - CHANGE THE SYSTEM THAT DRIVES THEM INSANE... GET RID OF THE JUDGES.

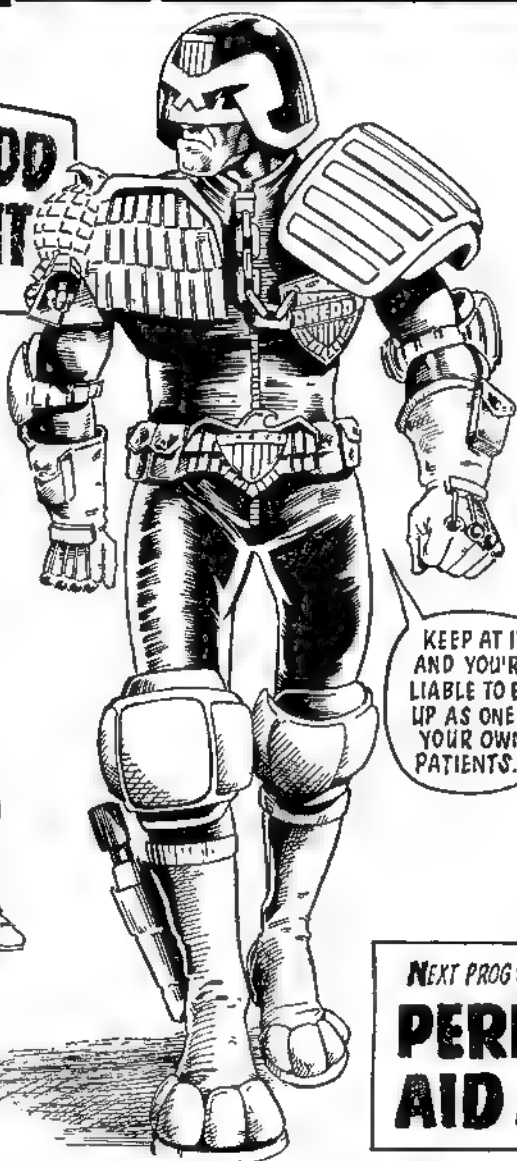
NO CHANCE.

WITHOUT US IT'D BE THE LAW OF THE JUNGLE OUT THERE. I GUARANTEE YOU, WITHIN 24 HOURS THERE WOULDN'T BE ANY INSTITUTIONS LIKE THIS TO PUT THE LOONIES IN.

NO, IF A FEW THOUSAND SCREWBALLS IS THE PRICE WE'VE GOT TO PAY FOR LAW AND ORDER, I'M FOR IT.



JUDGE DREDD PSYCHO UNIT



KEEP AT IT AND YOU'RE LIABLE TO END UP AS ONE OF YOUR OWN PATIENTS.

NEXT PROG:
**PERP
AID!**

DOMESTICS

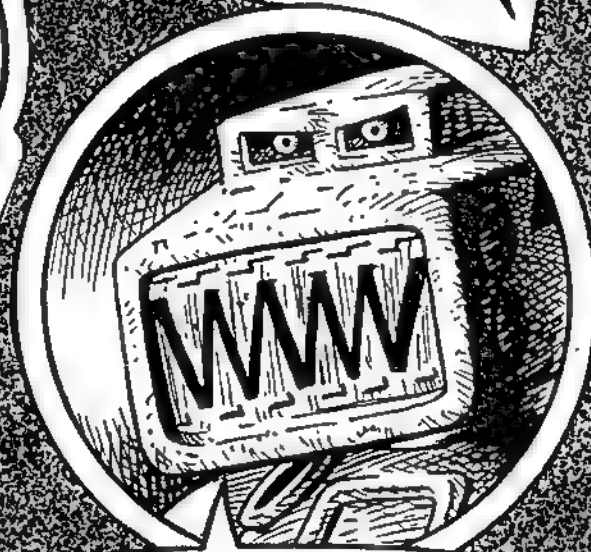
THE WARLOCK

BOOK SIX

NEXT
PROG

RETURNS IN

TORQUE
MURDER



SO NAFF OFF
AND BUY IT, NERK-
FEATURES!

BE PURE! BE VIGILANT! BE THERE!

ACE TRUCKING CO. The Garpetbaggers

... IT WAS NOT SYLVESTER STALLONE'S BEST PART BUT, TO BE FAIR, HE *DID* MAKE FULL USE OF *BOTH* HIS EMOTIONS!

SCHWARZENEGGER'S *COMMANDO* IS A TOWERING TOUR-DE-FORCE, RANKING WITH SUCH GREATS AS *CITIZEN KANE*, *GONE WITH THE WIND*, AND *GANDHI*.

AND IF THAT SOUNDS CRAZY TO YOU, YOU'RE DEAD RIGHT!

THE HILLS WERE ALIVE ALL RIGHT— BUT IT WASN'T WITH THE *SOUND OF MUSIC*. PECKINPAH'S BLOODY REMAKE SOLVED THE PROBLEM OF MARIA IN THE VERY FIRST SCENE!

IMAGINE A THREE-MONTHS OLD CORPSE, FLYBLOWN AND BLOATED, AND YOU HAVE DUSTIN HOFFMAN'S PERFORMANCE IN *BERNARD MANNING MEETS THE MARTIANS*!

HOFFMAN PUT ON *NINETEEN STONES* TO PLAY THIS ROLE— AND IT JUST WASN'T ENOUGH!

WHO CAN SAY WHERE FILM ENDS AND REAL LIFE BEGINS? CERTAINLY NOT RICARDO MONTALBAN HE'D SAY: "WHERE *FEELM* ENDS AND REAL LIFE, *EET BEEGEENS*."

SCENE 7: BARRYNORMANTOWN, THE STATE OF MOVIEOLA THE CAMERA FOLLOWS OUR HEROES INTO THE CRITICS' CHOICE BAR.

HOOTIN' HECK! BUFS LIKE THEY'S ALL CHOOSD IT!

2000AD
Credit Card:
SCRIPT DOG
GRANT/GROVER
ART DOG
BELARDINELLI
LETTERING DOG
T. JACOB
COMPU-73



I SAY! YOU CAN'T COME IN HERE WITHOUT A MICROPHONE!

OH NO?



I CAN COME IN 'ERE WITHOUT ANYTHIN'! I CHOOSES, YE SWAB—AN' I CHOOSES TO COME IN 'ERE WITHOUT YOU TELLIN' ME I CAN'T COME IN 'ERE WITHOUT A MICROPHONE!



SEE!



TO CALL IT A BAR-ROOM BRAWL WOULD BE TO OVERSTATE THE CASE, BUT IT WAS AN ACT OF GRATUITOUS VIOLENCE THE LIKE OF WHICH HASN'T BEEN SEEN IN THE CRITICS' CHOICE BAR FOR MANY MINUTES!

... AND THE MAKE-UP DEPARTMENT MUST HAVE BEEN WORKING OVERTIME ON THE STARS OF THIS LITTLE FIASCO—A STRANGELY DRESSED ALIEN RUFFIAN AND HIS THREE OUTLANDISH COMPANIONS!

SHEESH! DON'T YOU KOOKS NEVER LET UP?



RIGHT, GARPS—THIS IS A TRICKY BUSINESS, AN' IT'S GOT TO BE HANDLED SUBTLE-LIKE.

LEAVE IT TO ME!



AVAST THERE, YE LILY-LIVERED, MEALY-MOUTHED CREW O' STINKIN' BILGE-RATS! IF I HEARS ONE MORE CRITICAL CRACK, I WON'T HOLD MESELF RESPONSIBLE FOR THE BLOODY SLAUGHTER THAT'LL ENSUE!



EEK!

SWIPE!

CHOPP!

EEK!



EEK, EH? WOULD THAT BE AN EEK O' CRITICISM, MATEY?

N-N-NO! J-JUST AN EEK OF EEK!



THEN CONSIDER
YERSELF *LUCKY*,
MATEY!

DONKK!

SO MUCH
FOR
SUBTLE!



NOW LISTEN
'ERE, AN' LISTEN
GOOD! THIS IS
HALF A TREASURE
MAP THE OTHER
HALF WAS STOLEN
FROM A SHIPMATE
O' MINE, *DIRTY*
SORES BY
NAME!

WE FOUND
THIS BETWEEN
HIS SHOULDER
BLADES— A
POISON PEN WITH
THE KILLER'S
NAME WRIT
LARGE—

PARKER!
D-D-DOROTHY
PARKER!



NOW DON'T
GET ME WRONG—
I DOESN'T *MIND*
THE BRUTAL SLAYIN'
O' A CLOSE FRIEND.
ALL I WANT'S THE
OTHER HALF O'
THE MAP— AN' IF
THIS D-D-DOROTHY
PARKER THAT STOLE
IT CARES TO STEER
HIMSELF THISAWAYS,
I'M SURE WE CAN
COME TO SOME
SATISFACTORY
ARRANGEMENT!

SAVVY?

YES,
SIR!

Y-YESSIR!



THAT WOULDN'T
BE A "YES, SIR"
O' *CRITICISM*,
WOULD IT
MATEY?

N-NO,
SIR!

LUCKY
FOR YOU!



RIGHT, YE
SWABS! OFF
WITH YE!
SPREAD THE
WORD!

IF I DOESN'T
HAVE THE REST
O' THIS MAP AFORE
EIGHT BELLS, I'LL
KEELHAUL EVERY
LAST ONE O' YE!



FINISHED, EVIL
BUDDY? MIND IF
WE GETS A WORD
IN *EDGEWISE* IN
OUR OWN STORY?

BE MY
GUEST,
GARPY. WHAT'S
YER
WORD?



ER...

ER, EH?
NOT A BAD
WORD, GARPY—
NOT BAD
AT ALL!



THAT'LL DO
FOR YE!

SCENE 8: HEAVEN'S GATE?

BETELGEUSIAN MINISTRY OF HEALTH
URGENT WARNING - DANGER -
DEADLY NEW SPECIES OF THRILL-SUCKER
PLAGUING UNIVERSE
DON'T LEAVE
HOME WITHOUT

2000 AD
READING JUDGE DREDD

RESERVATION COUPON

TO MY NEWSAGENT

Please reserve/deliver* 1 thrill-
powered copy of 2000 AD each week.

NAME

ADDRESS

Signature of Parent/Guardian*

*delete as applicable

ADVERTISEMENT

SPACESHIPS AND SHOPPING TRIPS!



Halo Jones Book One is the first in writer Alan Moore and artist Ian Gibson's award winning series, planned as ten volumes spanning seventy years in the life of Halo Jones, Hoop citizen, space hostess, gravity warrior and pirate queen. The first volume relates Halo's early life in bizarre futuristic city, The Hoop where, armed with only six zenedes and a spustick, Halo plans that most dangerous of all activities... a shopping expedition! Cover by Ian Gibson. 56pp. Softcover £5.30 incl. P&P

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MCCARTHY RIOT

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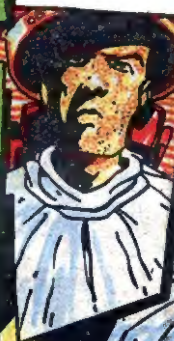


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WHEN DO I START, BOSS?

THEN I RIP OUT YOUR SPLEEN WITH MY BARE TEETH, MICKY...

AND WHAT IF I SAY NO, SWEENEY?



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